§9. *My Brother-in-Law's Fasting Experience*

Just about this time we moved to the hunting-grounds and I began to fast again. I began to take sweat baths and caused myself to vomit in order to be purged. My father was a good hunter; he was always able to kill many deer and occasionally a bear.

My brother-in-law thought a good deal of me. He was a holy man and a shaman. One day he said to me, "Brother-in-law, I am going to bless you although you will have to fast for it. I was once blessed by four spirits, brothers, called *Good giant-cannibals*. They said that they had never before blessed any one. They promised me that if I ever got into any difficulties they would help me. They blessed me with long life. Now this blessing I will give you. If, for four nights, you fast without a break, these giants will speak to you." Thus he spoke to me. Then he continued, "These four brothers are called *Good-giant, Good-heart, Good-as-he-walks-about, Good-where-he-lifts-his-foot-from*. They lived toward the east, where you will find a promontory. Nothing across the large body of water is too difficult for them to accomplish."

So when I fasted I always offered tobacco to these spirits first. I would cry to these spirits, but I never fasted over night.